

# The Times

(MORNING, EVENING AND SUNDAY.)

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Sunday, May 2, 23,796  
Monday, May 3, 23,129  
Tuesday, May 4, 23,192  
Wednesday, May 5, 23,162  
Thursday, May 6, 23,139  
Friday, May 7, 23,124  
Saturday, May 8, 23,121

Total, 150,585

Daily average (Sunday, 23,796 excepted), 21,798

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, MAY 9.

The Fate of Thessaly.

When the Greek army fled from Larissa it was claimed at Athens that the Pharsala position was much stronger, and that it would be held at all hazards. Since the retreat to Domokos, the same is being said of that point. But the division of Gen. Smolenski, which was the right support and the chief hope of the Greeks, on the Pharsala line, has been cut off, not being able even to hold Volo, which has fallen into the hands of the Turks, and has retired to Argyros, south of Volo, on the Gulf of that name. Military critics in Europe consider the passes behind Domokos as quite defensible; but to defend them would involve the maintenance of a line thirty-five miles long, and the small number of Greeks there, not more than twenty thousand men, could not do that against the overwhelming force of the Turks, even if they were well supplied with artillery, which they are not. If the forward movement of Etilhem Pasha is to be continued, and today it looks very much as if it would be, the only thing left for the Greek generals is to impede it all they can, destroy communications as they fall back, and retire steadily toward Athens, hoping the while for foreign intervention.

From present appearances, they have it already at the hands of the three Emperors, acting in concert through the Sultan and Etilhem Pasha, and that is a sad situation for Greece. We commented yesterday upon the reports of Abdul Hamid's alleged inclination to a policy of "magnanimity," tempered by his conviction that the "war party" in Turkey would not tolerate anything less than a demand for the possession of Thessaly. It is greatly to be feared that something of that sort will be made the basis of settlement. Great Britain may protest, and the British ministers may declare in Parliament, as they have, that no solution other than a restoration of the "status quo ante bellum" is possible or would be allowed. But England's voice and power in the matter are about nil, and there are good reasons for believing that Russia, Germany and Austria have agreed among themselves to have Greece crippled on this occasion beyond any capability to give them trouble in the future.

Even Vassos has been refused passage for his troops from Crete to Greece. Evacuation of Crete is demanded by Turkey, but it must be of a kind that would not add the Greek corps of occupation to the fighting force of the Hellenes in Thessaly.

All this time both Great Britain and France are strangely silent and apparently apathetic. If they have any idea of helping Greece it is high time that they were making some visible movement.

English Hospitality.

A writer in Harper's Magazine for the current month has been doing some missionary work among Americans who are likely to travel abroad. He has an earnest desire to remove any apprehension on the part of the American that he may find his English friends cold, formal and unresponsive. Some Americans have had this experience. They have entertained English people to the best of their ability, sometimes doing more for their pleasure than they could really afford, and then have gone to England to receive not a return of the hospitality, not even an invitation. The writer of the article had just had a conversation with one of these indignant countrymen of his. This American had received from an English acquaintance in return for American hospitality only the casual inquiry, "Are you going to Scotland?" He did not know what to make of it.

Just here was where the writer of the article got in his missionary work. He explained to the ruffled American bird of freedom the true attitude of the British host. He explained that the real meaning of the Englishman had been that he was going to his country house in Scotland, and that if the American was going there and wished to propose himself as a guest, he would tell him when he could come. The American, not being a mind reader, not acquainted with English customs, had not thought this out for himself. The writer wound up his explanation with this triumphant summary of the English character: "The Englishman never says a thing he does not mean, never emphasizes, often says less than he means, is never elaborate, not often ceremonious."

The American smoothed his plumage, stopped screaming, and went to see the Englishman on that basis, with many mis-

givings. He found that he was welcome. But it is not recorded whether he came home and invited all his friends to see him with the formula, "Are you coming to Kalamazoo some day?"

It really seems as if it might be well, in giving an invitation of this kind, to say at least as much as one means. The statement that the Englishman never says what he does not mean is a splendid tribute to the English people, if it is true. It has been the impression that the Englishman was good at a bluff. He may not say nice things which he does not mean, he may not always say all the nice things he does mean, but he has several times made threats to do evil, made most magnificent bluffs of being enraged and dangerous, and when his bluff was called, has meekly and quietly withdrawn, while somebody else took possession of the property which did not belong to the Englishman at all, and did belong to the somebody else, but which the Englishman meant to have if he could get it without too much trouble. The man who prides himself on never shrinking from the utterance of a disagreeable thing which is true, is liable, if he is not watched, to say many disagreeable things which are not true. If the lying faculty is in him, it is bound to come out, and why shouldn't it come out in some harmless little social pleasantry, which deceives nobody? At any rate, there would seem to be no harm in his giving an invitation in plain, unmistakable language, to anybody that he wants to see.

That Spanish Loan.

A characteristic specimen of Spanish duplicity is exposed in a dispatch from Havana, printed in The Times of yesterday. Everybody in the United States and Europe knew that Spain was making one last agonized and despairing effort to raise fifty million dollars, with which to pay interest on the national debt now due, or to be due within a few days. But in Cuba it appears to have been given out that the loan was sought for the purpose of paying the troops, whose stipend already is hopelessly in arrears. There never was the slightest idea that any of the money which might be realized from a possible loan would be sent to Cuba. The purpose was to meet interest and so stave off the day of formal bankruptcy, and then to print as much paper as might be necessary to go through the form of paying the troops.

According to the news, the agents of the Spanish finance minister have reported to him that the money markets of Great Britain and the continent are definitely closed against Spain unless and until that State can bring the war in Cuba to a close by re-establishing Spanish domination over the island.

This is good news for more than one reason. Recent obstruction in the Senate, to prevent a vote on Senator Morgan's beligerency resolution, was for the specific purpose of aiding Spain to raise the money in question. Now, as that project has failed, occasion for further Senatorial tactics in opposition to the resolution would seem to be without cause and merely factitious. Inability to negotiate even so small a loan as \$50,000,000 on any terms, ought to show the Spanish element in the Congress that the game is up; that there can be nothing more in it for them, and that the best thing to do is to cease expending the people of the United States in continued attempts to prevent them from adopting the only course by which the rights and interests of humanity and the honor and dignity of the nation can be protected.

"Of Two Evils."

Senator Platt may have the political appetite of the cassowary, but he is not intellectually dense like his companion bird, the ostrich. He does not hide his head in the sand at the approach of danger. On the contrary, he seeks the battle afar off, and prepares to meet it like a man; or, if the logic of the situation does not seem to justify that course of procedure, he is equally willing to avert disaster by taking advantage of the baby Act. The one is as consistent with the highest view of "good politics" as the other, and he is "facile princeps" among professors of that art.

The facts as well as the astuteness of the monumental boss are illustrated in an encyclical which he has just now issued to the faithful in New York. It is a pregnant document which will strike the dispassionate reader as being of the nature of a Coriolanus rather than a papal bull; but of its kind it is immense. It reminds Republicans of Greater New York that the danger of Democratic domination is imminent, and the prospect for it all but certain; unless every element of machine, gold, bonds, trusts and monopolies shall stand shoulder to shoulder in one last desperate effort to save the grand American metropolis from the grasp of the people who inhabit it.

We feel quite confident that the Republican cohorts will heed the warning. The party always has been willing to sacrifice principle to interest, and there is little reason for doubt that all the recognized forces of the organization, with its foreign and financial allies, will march to the polls in solid and sometimes multiplied columns under the banner of the boss.

We are unable to deduce apprehension or panic from such an outlook. The evidence that the people of New York, as well as of the whole country, have had enough of McKinley prosperity; enough of a continuation of Cleveland-Olney Cuban policy, and enough of several other things, renders it reasonably plain that Democracy will not have a hard fight to rescue our biggest urban community from the control of Republicanism, under the benign bossism of Senator Thomas C. Platt.

Never again let any man be caught saying that our British cousins are devoid of humor. The appropriate and parting present of a golden pumpkin bearing the likeness of the ex-ambassador is a joke about as neat and apposite as any we have yet encountered in this vale of tears.

It appears that the Administration is more seriously alarmed over the gold movement than it would wish to have the country know. If only it could get that tariff bill passed it would appeal to the Congress for legislation to protect it

against a situation created and existent only through governmental gold standard folly. But Mr. McKinley will have to face a currency discussion or a bond issue, and he fully recognizes the fact.

Windymere, to which boreal retreat near Cleveland Senator Hanna retired for rest, has the physical disabilities suggested by its name, much modified by the presence of a flourishing peppermint plantation.

Sugar trust circles are in a quandary about the legal situation. If the President should take the merciful "primum toxicum" view of Mr. Chapman's case, it is not likely that he would do the same for Messrs. Havemeyer and Seneca. Perhaps, on all accounts, it would be better to let the broker do his time and so appease the spirit of Republican justice, which just now wants to keep up appearances.

Under the polite pressure of Mr. Chamberlain the Transvaal legislature has repealed the alien immigration law, which subjected foreign residents to renewal of permission to live, every six months, and contained other features obnoxious to the treaty with Great Britain. This may tend to lessen the chance of war; depending, of course, upon England's entanglements elsewhere.

The departure of Judge Calhoun for Cuba is without sensational feature. He goes only as legal adviser to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in the Ruiz investigation. He may not go outside of Havana. Perhaps it is just as well. The Administration has full and official knowledge of all the atrocities detailed in The Times, and of many more. There are plenty of grounds for action without hunting more. Action itself is the thing to hunt for.

On leaving London Mr. Bayard said: "I have been struck with many things, especially the great charity of the English people." Then he waved the golden loving cup and departed.

It would be a graceful thing to send the Autocrat to Salt Lake City, to represent the Government at the Mormon semi-centennial. Mr. Reed's ideas of running a legislature are an exact reproduction of the late Brigham Young's. The saints would warm up to a man like that.

We are glad to observe that notwithstanding that little legal matter down in Frankfurt, the standing of Mr. Hunter at the White House is reported as "first class." Therefore he should be given a first-class mission, in order to encourage devotion to "sound business methods" in politics, even if they do sometimes result in accidents, even if they do sometimes result in accidents, even if they do sometimes result in accidents.

It should interest District Attorney Davis to know that Mr. Elverson R. Chapman, of New York, has established himself in the editorial columns of the Washington Post.

There is one faint, lingering hope for the Greeks. The army of newspaper correspondents might all get together and envelop the Turk in their wrath.

They voted down a resolution to let women be notaries public in the State of Illinois the other day. It is probably due to a lingering reluctance to do any swearing in the presence of ladies.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"What did your wife say when you got home the other morning?" inquired Sprockter as they met after the all-night run to Cicely Villa.

"What did she say?" repeated Sprockter.

"My dear fellow, do you think I had an expert stenographer on the spot?"

"Maria," said Culberson, in a tone of forced patience, "do you wish you would keep this room a little more tidy. Seems to me things are always lying about in the middle of the floor."

"I'll try, dear," said Mrs. Culberson, meekly.

That night Mrs. Culberson took tea with a cousin. When she returned at 10 o'clock she found Culberson raving about it.

"This is a pretty state of affairs!" he began. "Here I come home and can't find my slippers, nor my paper, nor my pipe, nor my glasses, nor anything else. When I left this morning they were here tight!"

"Yes," said his wife, "they were in the middle of the floor. I think if you will look in the closet, and on the writing desk, and on the parlor table, you will find them all safe."

And they were safe.

"I thought you said you had a small family," said the disconsolate landlord, "and wanted to get a cheap house?"

"Yes," said the father of five small cherubs under the age of six, "they are small. That's why I wanted a cheap house."

It passes my comprehension," said Muffets, as he wearily paced the room at 3 a. m., "how a human being can find any fun in howling for two hours on a stretch, but I suppose John Henry does or he wouldn't do it."

The next day Muffets went to the ball game to recuperate after his hard night's work, and no conversation was possible within ten seats of him throughout the entire game.

"Early to bed and early to rise, my children," said Mrs. Specklewing to young Toots and his brothers, as night fell over the hencoop.

Two of them were drowsy birds and went to sleep at sunset and awoke at 3 a. m. But young Toots thought differently. By keeping a wake till the night was waning he managed to dodge the chicken thief, and by not crowing they were here tight!

Young Toots was the only chicken on the perch next day.

"I always insist," said Dickerson, "that my wife shall keep account of household expenses."

"I don't," said Jiminy. "It takes too much time for me to look them over."

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Cornstalk, "that Maria Jane will never amount to very much. She don't care nothing about books nor cooking, and she's always wanting to go to some party or other."

"I'm afraid we shall be sadly disappointed in Eleanor," sighed Mrs. Denilish. "She cares nothing for her social duties whatever, and always wants to be reading or messing about in the kitchen."

A Place Not Yet Filled.

(From the New York Advertiser.)

The nearest approach to a true vacuum seems to be the space formerly occupied by David Bennett Hill, of Wolcott's Roost, in the Democratic party.

CAPITOL NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Senator Penrose has blossomed out into one of the most pronounced opponents for high tariff rates, on articles, however, which do not enter very largely into the public consumption. Numerically, as to the articles, he may be considered to be posing as a tariff reformer. He is just now, however, in a hot water on the point of the tariff reformer of Pennsylvania want free hides, and Mr. Penrose and Mr. Quay have to stand in for some things which they, with the Western Senators, and especially those from the stock-raising States, don't want to be free. It was not of the cow's hide that Shakespear wrote, "thereby hangs a tale," but it is one that promises very interesting telling all this summer.

A story is told of Secretary Gage which illustrates how easy it is to state a fact and make it gloriously magnificent, and how absurd it may be made when one is asked to "specify." The recent gold shipments to Europe, while not very large, compared with the sum in the Treasury, are nevertheless of sufficient magnitude to cause comment.

Mr. Gage is reported as saying that this was not a subject for serious alarm. He was asked if the serious aspect should present itself what he would do. "Oh," he said, "gold goes and comes by the same bridge, and we shall not cross over it till we come to it."

One of the latest schemes to take the tariff out of politics is the proposed creation of a tariff commission. It has been talked of for some time in the Capitol, but it appears now it may at least be discussed, showing always that Speaker Reed or Mr. Dabell will get it before the House through the Committee on Rules. Mr. Fowler, of New Jersey, is credited with being the man who will introduce a bill embodying the scheme.

A Democrat was asked yesterday what he thought of the proposition. That will depend, he said, very largely on what kind of a President appointed the commission. As a general rule, President-elect commissions are generally as partisan as the parties themselves. The Civil Service Reform Commission has been a good thing, but you notice what an onslaught is now being made on the merit system, just for the sake of a few offices to enable Congressmen to get promotion which were absolutely impossible of fulfillment when made.

I suggest, he said, that they introduce a bill for the formation of a money commission right away. It will at least give us an opportunity of showing this country what the matter with it.

Gen. Grosvenor, of Ohio, has recently made a very curious admission. Just after the Republican national convention, he said that the battle was won, and he continued to say that with more or less bluster until the campaign closed. He said the other day on very good authority that if the national election had been held in October instead of November, Bryan would have been elected. This is an interesting admission, because at that time the Republicans had crawled out of their ideological position of having trifled with the campaign and were practically running a campaign on the financial question.

People have noticed that there is not a gushing lot of friendly sentiment in the Senate chamber or elsewhere between Mr. Hanna and the fire-arm Senator from the same State, Mr. Foraker, in the opinion of the Republicans of the Senate, was lucky in being able to have his first tilt with Senator Gorman, and the claim that he came out ahead in the contest.

Hanna has not distinguished himself, and there are other things which are tending to magnify Foraker at the expense of Mr. Hanna.

One of the Republicans said yesterday that the violent contention now on between the Republicans and the fire-armists at Columbus will cure all the wounds that Mr. McKinley thought he had healed to sport blood again. With all Hanna's chances for alienating the Forakerites on the matter of the State convention he was able to score a point the other day by majority of only one. Some people say that this indicates at least that there are candidates against Hanna in reserve in whom delegates have considerable faith, and that they are counting on Federal patronage from another Hanna for the next six years.

The Republican tariff experts are taking it easy since the reporting of their bill to the Senate. Senator Aldrich, as soon as he could get away, left for Rhode Island, where he had intended to remain until the time of calling the bill up for discussion. Senator Allison, who has been very much engaged with the tariff and the appropriation measures left over from the last Congress, started for Dubuque Friday, and will not return until a week has elapsed.

Mr. Platt, of Connecticut, is enjoying his vacation at the seashore. He has been denied his return to the necessity of his return to vote to report the bill, and Senator Wolcott arranged his affairs immediately upon the reporting of the measure so that he could go abroad and labor in the interest of international pacifism. This it happens that the Republican tariff "thinkers" are out of the city, and business in that line has fallen off several points.

It begins to look as if the tariff bill would not be taken up in the Senate for general discussion on May 18, the day Mr. Aldrich designated as the time when he would call the bill up for discussion. The Democrats say they cannot get ready in time on account of the failure of the Republicans to give them the comparative statement that was promised last Wednesday.

It is probable that when the subject comes up Monday the Democrats will insist that the discussion of the bill be postponed until Tuesday, May 25. This comparative statement was laid before the Senate Committee on Finance yesterday in proof sheets in order to fulfill the promise made that it should be ready on Saturday.

A cursory glance at this comparative statement shows how woefully the bureau of statistics has miscalculated what the committee wanted. The bureau of statistics of the Treasury Department is not, however, to be blamed, for this bureau seldom gets up its statistics in an intelligent manner. It is a collection of haphazard and inaccurate, and compiled in the form of an uninvited volume that will be difficult to handle, and totally wanting in salient facts and figures. It bears the evidence of having been compiled in haste. Frequently the estimate of revenue to be derived from the several proposed taxes has been omitted altogether, and in some cases the equivalent ad valorem rate has been omitted. There are no totals to the various schedules. In short, this compilation, for which so much was promised, affords absolutely nothing beyond a maze of figures that is unintelligible, and worse than confusing.

Several Democratic Senators intend to call the attention of the Senate to this mass of stuff that pretends to enlighten, but which only confuses. In 1890, when the McKinley act was passed, and in 1894, when the Wilson act was passed, the committee prepared a comparative statement that was a thing of beauty—if there can be any beauty attached to cold, hard figures and data—and an absolute comfort to the student of the tariff puzzle. It was in the shape of a neat and handy

volume, and arranged in such shape that what one wanted was easily found, and the comparisons plain and distinct. The tariff laws were presented in good shape, not only their rates, but the exact text, and the man who wanted to keep posted had a fair chance of getting the information for which he might be in search. This latter day production is worse than puzzling; it defies the penetration of a tariff expert and has set at least two of the members of the committee wild with its intricacies and its bewildering labyrinth of figures and columns.

In those parts of the bill where the committee has taken such a wide departure from the established customs and policies of the Republican party there is no reference to what the bill will do or accomplish. It is expected the departure will accomplish. One looks in vain for a statement as to what the tax on tea will bring, what the increased tax on beer is expected to yield and what the additional internal revenue tax on tobacco will add to the Treasury of the United States.

On these subjects, entirely new in their relations to a revenue bill, the comparative statement is absolutely silent. In short, to get any information whatever from this production of the bureau of statistics, one must carry in his head the text of every bill ever enacted into law, and be content to see before his eyes figures, figures, figures, and nothing but figures. Figures may not lie, but these figures are fairly dazzling and bewildering, and are enough to drive any one but an expert to the verge of distraction.

Republicans in the Senate are asking themselves when the olive branch is to be held out by the Administration to the Reed members of the party. There has been a great deal of talk about what the President intends to do for Mr. Aldrich of Chicago, the protégé of Speaker Reed, but the President does not appear to be doing anything. Mr. Aldrich was first to be sent to Belgium, and then that place was given to Mr. Storer of Ohio, in order that that Ohio politician, if Mr. Storer may be called a politician, might be taken care of, and Senator Foraker appeared. Mr. Storer goes to Belgium where he will be convenient to the society of the Parisian capital. He will doubtless make a good minister to that capital, for the memory of man does not run back to the period when we ever had any trouble with that country, and the event type in diplomacy could probably fill the bill.

But what of Mr. Reed and his requests? It is now said that Mr. Aldrich is to go to Havana. No one knows whether Mr. Aldrich likes this idea or not, and the chances are that some other "personal appointment" will be made to fill the place. Just when Mr. Reed is to get the place he wants for his friend is not at all clear. Politicians are so accustomed to sifting things up of the opinion that it would have been a good thing for the President to have given Speaker Reed what he wanted the first dash out of the box, and then to have thrown the box away. In this way he would have put an end to all criticism and disarrangement. Now, after all the firing that has been going on, he must do something handsome or be convicted of having trifled with his great opponent for the St. Louis nomination.

Some time ago a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce was appointed with a great flourish of trumpets for the purpose of taking some action on the anti-trust bill, the railroad pooling bills, two of the leading railroad measures that have been referred to that committee. That committee met and organized, and since then has done nothing. It can be stated that nothing will be done at least on the anti-trust bill. It may be said that the Senate is desirous of doing something for the railroads, that something, whatever it may be, will not be attempted until after the Congressional elections this fall.

It is understood that this committee will meet some time during the summer and will digest the interstate commerce laws as a whole—an awful lot for any committee to attempt to digest—and ascertain wherein amendment is essential. At the next session it will report in favor of a codification of all the laws relating to interstate commerce, with such amendments as may be necessary.

The laws upon this subject are scattered throughout the statutes at large for the past dozen years, and no one is able to tell just where the law may be found or exactly what it contains, unless he happens to be skilled in that particular branch of legal knowledge. A codification is said to be necessary, and in doing this work such amendments as the railroads want may be slipped through. It is almost impossible to do anything for the railroads while dealing in the open.

THE POSTAL CONGRESS.

Belgium Delegation Has Won Its Fight Against the Powers.

The immediate transit system, which it was hoped would be adopted by the Universal Postal Congress, has fallen through, so far as the committee of ways and means is concerned. The delegation from Belgium announced yesterday that "we have got all we want." This means that their demand that no reduction be made in the compensation paid by sending countries to transit countries has been conceded by the committee of ways and means. This gives a black eye to the desires of the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia. The concession was made to Belgium because her delegates refused to entertain the proposition of a reduction of compensation, and because they threatened that, if the reduction should be forced upon them, their government would withdraw from the Universal Postal Union.

The only committee which met yesterday, that is having jurisdiction in the matter of registration, parcelspost, and identification books. The exchange of ideas was harmonious and there was no conflict of opinions.

The committee of arrangements for the entertainment of the delegates will have a meeting tomorrow. Plans for the projected trips to Richmond, Old Point Comfort, Mount Vernon, and other places of interest will be perfected.

Strong Men Who Weigh Little.

(From the New York Sun.)

There is a notable lot of strong small men before the public. The strong man of Yale, Verrill, weighs 149 pounds only. The strong man of Harvard, Lovering, weighs 150 pounds. Another strong small man, who is a boy, is William F. Kentnor, of St. Louis, who weighs only 137 pounds, and is only 5 feet 4.3 inches high. Three years ago, when he became a Turner, he was described as slight and delicate. Perhaps, the American will power is growing stronger, and works the muscular machinery on which it operates with greater effect than was the case with our fathers.

Be Killed by Proxy.

(From the Cincinnati Tribune.)

When King Humbert of Italy was congratulated on his escape from assassination the other day, he said: "It was a little incident of my business." In that case he had better let one of the clerks attend to it hereafter.

Col. Buck All Right.

(From the Atlanta Journal.)

They say that Col. Buck has already picked up a pretty good stock of Japanese words. The country in which Col. Buck could be lost is yet to be discovered.

## GREATEST VALUE IN Men's Suits EVER OFFERED

On Monday we put them on sale—about 300 Men's 3-button Sack Suits 4-button Sack Suits that are actually and absolutely worth \$12.50 and \$15—and we shall give you the choice of any of them for

Light & Dark Worsteds, Fancy Cheviots, \$10 Blue and Black Serges, Blue and Black Cheviots.

We want you to regard \$10 not as the worth, but the privilege. Such selling cannot be done without a loss. But the weaver of the fabrics stands that Here's where the strength of the six great Saks stores benefits you directly. With the immense outlet they give us we could take advantage of his extraordinary offer. With our own manufacturing facilities another saving was possible. And that's how it is we're able to give you \$12.50 and \$15 worth of value for \$10.

SAKS & COMPANY

"Saks' Corner."

ALICE IN HOODLAND.—II.

Alice had now reached a large white building, from which a confused jumble of sounds proceeded. Now and then she could hear some disconnected phrases, like "Beer is free, I tell you!" "What are you doing with my wool?" "Let my bill alone; you'll chop it all to pieces!" "Here, don't take so much sugar!" "What are you going to do for turkey?" "Don't gobble all the money!" and so on. Mingled with these cries were heavy thumps and shouts of "Order! order!" and shrieks as if some one were being pounded with a hammer.

"Dear me!" thought Alice, in a low tone, "it sounds very exciting. I wonder if they'll let a person in free?"

"Not if you're in the bill," said a merry-looking boy wearing very gay stockings, who was hurrying past the steps.

"What bill?" said Alice, hurrying after him.

"Circus bill," said the boy. "Just you watch me ride the elephant!"

"And am I in the bill?" asked Alice, who was now intensely interested.

"Guess not," said the boy, over his shoulder. "There's tax on kids that I know of. Whoo! Here we are again, Mr. Merryman," and the boy turned a somersault through a pair of green baize doors which seemed to shut off the noise to some extent.

"I wonder if I dare go in," continued Alice, in great perplexity. "It did look like a circus tent, outside. I wonder if there is any tax on me, and she carefully looked herself over, all except the top of her head, and stretch as she might, it was impossible for her to see that."

"I wonder why they don't like taxes?" "They do, unless they have wheels," said an irritable voice, and Alice turned round with a jump to find an elephant sitting in the middle of the hall. "This wheel business is taking away my living," the elephant went on. "I want to see it panned, and have 'em go on foot or ride on my back, as they used to. Why, if things go on in this way, I shall actually have to pawn my trunk to pay for my board and lodging, and then they'll have me on their hands for good."

"That's all very well," said the boy in gay stockings, who had reappeared, "but you don't like to step on backs in the dark; you know you don't, wheels or no wheels. And if you want a job, here, I'll ride you. Come on."

The elephant gave such a leap at this suggestion that Alice, in terror, ran off down the corridor. As she passed for breath she heard a mournful voice call out, "Where's my bill? I want my bill!" and she saw a very small and forlorn-looking creature trotting along in a hopeless way, as if it had no friends or home.

"I wonder what you can be?" said Alice, quite and alone. "It did look like a bird, when I heard it, but I don't know what it is now."

"Where's my bill? I want my bill!" said Alice, trying to think of some bird that she had read of which had no bill, but she could not remember any, and while she was still thinking the creature went on.

"It was such a pretty bill," it said; "ever so many miles long, with all sorts of things in it—coal and corn, and beans, and salt, and spices, and stockings, and collars, and cuffs, and wool." Alice thought the bill must have been something like a pelican's.

"It was all I had to keep house with," added the creature, "and now I suppose they've gone and cut it up for omelette or something."